

THE COPPER'S DREAM



Not What She Meant.

MRS. HOMELY (at Union square)—Officer, can you see me across the street?
POLICEMAN—Sure, ma'am. I could see your face a block away.

Danger in This Case.

CROSSROADS—Let's ask this policeman.
CITIZEN—Sh! It's dangerous to awake a somnambulist suddenly.

A MILITARY TERM.



Officer Jenks, Retired.

A Fatal Defect.

DAWSON—So your friend didn't pass the civil service examination for the police force?
ROGERS—No, he failed in the snoring test.

A CURIOSITY INDEED.

There was a great crowd outside the Bowery museum, and a long stream of all sorts and conditions of men and women filtered through the turnstiles as fast as the perspiring cashiers could gather in the dimes.

Evidently something unusual was going on within.

Presently a reporter happened along, and scenting a possible story, he joined the line and paid for an admission.

Pushing his way through the surging crowd, he presently beheld on the platform the figure of a tall, red-haired man in the uniform of a policeman.

"What can it mean?" the reporter asked himself. But at that moment the strident voice of the museum's orator filled surrounding space:

"Behold the marvel of the age! I have the honor, ladies and gentlemen, to introduce to your attention ex-Roundsman Thomas Mulcahy!"

Here Mr. Mulcahy bowed with great dignity.

"The only policeman in the world who was ever known to hit a mad dog at the first shot."

THE COP WAS MISTAKEN.



A SAFE BET.

She was only a policeman's wife—just the loving helpmate of a humble man that guarded the peace of a great community, ready and willing at all times to lie down, but not die, for the good and safety of his city. Only a policeman's wife, but a woman with as warm a heart as any beribboned beauty in brownstone front, so of course when a vague rumor crept to their quiet suburban home of some horrible accident downtown her face blanched with fear for her husband, and all a-cold and trembling she took her stand at the front gate waiting for news. A breathless man dashed by. She halted him piteously.

"Tell me," she gasped; "tell me all!"

Rapidly and excitedly he began: "Oh, but it was a time of terrible danger!"

"Enough! enough!" cried the policeman's wife, her face radiant with joy. I am, sure, then that my husband was nowhere around?"

Quietude.

A quiet life is the policeman's plea—A fact there's no contesting. For every cop would sooner be A-resting than arresting.

Never Stopped.

"She loved him for the dangers he'd passed." "Why, I didn't know that he used to be a policeman."

DEVOTION TO DUTY.

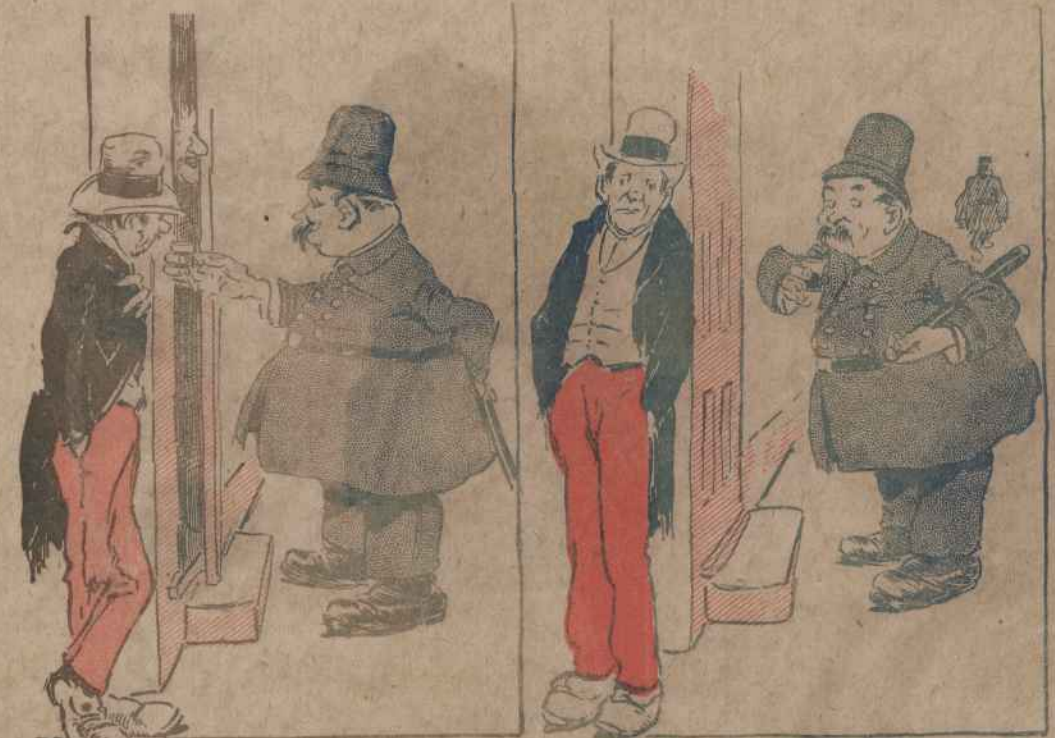


WOMAN—Officer! officer! help! murder! thieves! OFFICER—Sorry, madam, but you're not on my beat.

What Dreams Do Come.

OFFICER NODD (springing wildly)—Suffering citizens! I just dreamed that I had insomnia!

IT'S AN ILL WIND, ETC.



1. "Thanks, Casey."

2. "It's a good drink of whiskey you're givin' me."

OFFICER SMITH—Hey, there! You can't sleep against that lamppost.
SOMNOLENT SIMMS—Can't I? Just you watch me. (Falls asleep again.)

A Dangerous Precedent.

The great salt tears cisterned up in his eyes, and he clasped his hands imploringly.

"Mr. Police Commissioners," he cried, "oh, dear, good Mr. Police Commissioners, have mercy upon me! 'Tis not for myself I make this plea, but my wife—my children, who, if I lose my job on the force shall lack for food and the gorgeous raiment that they have been used to!"

"We are deeply moved by your story," said the president of the board, "but in a case affecting the public welfare we cannot be influenced by our personal desires. The offence to which you have pleaded guilty is so glaringly an infraction of police rules and regulations—so palpably a violation of official procedure, that your discharge is necessary in order that we may maintain discipline and preserve intact the fundamental principle of the police force. 'Better that ninety-nine innocent men be arrested than one guilty man.'"

"Mercy!" pleaded the poor policeman, "mercy! The party I arrested looked so innocent. How could I tell that he was a dangerous criminal?"

"That's it!" said the president. "You could not, and we want men that can!"

He Pitted Her.

NEWSBOY—Say, dey's two women fightin' down de street.

OFFICER CLANCY—Mind yer own bizness, ye little rascal.

NEWSBOY—Dat's all right, but one of de women is yer wife.

OFFICER CLANCY—Then heaven help the other one.

A Modern Brutus

KNOWALL—Officer Casey is a regular old Roman!

DEWTELL—What for?

KNOWALL—Why, he arrested himself for beating his own wife.

The Idea!

POLICE CAPTAIN—Why didn't you help that woman across the street?

OFFICER CASEY (surprisedly)—Why, sir, that's only my wife!



3. "Jumping Jupiter, here comes ther!"

4. "Captain!"

A HOLLOW MOCKERY.



1. OFFICER JONES—What are you boring out your night stick for? Is it too light?
OFFICER DUFFY—Sure, I'm going to load it.

2. OFFICER DUFFY (at side door)—Load her up, Jim. I'm dry as Sunday.

3. OFFICER DUFFY—As I was saying, there's more ways than one to use a night stick.